

you forgive like a god (cruel, vengeful, beautiful)

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by [girlkillsgod](#)

Summary

"is this your mercy? is this your forgiveness? *you don't forgive like a saint, my alina. you forgive like a god,*" a pause, another blood—splattered cough. "*cruel, vengeful, beautiful.*"

hands that were usually so calm, *so collected, so steady* even at the face of such terrors that made even the toughest of soldiers weep had begun to tremble as they reached for the slender column of her neck —— *baregonebaregonebaregonebaregonebaregonebaregone*, morozova's collar laying in pieces besides the dead body of her otkazat'sya.

"no," he whispered ; *furious, terrified, desperate*. a second glance confirmed that the sea whip that used to surround her wrist was also in tatters. "this isn't right," he choked out, his lungs feeling like they did all those centuries ago with lev and annika and a pond of ice —— bleeding and drowning and hurting and **dying**, he feels like he's choking on air, on the slowly sinking realisation of what happened to her, to him, *to them* .

shaking fingers skimmed the space around her neck, anguish and desperation appearing in his normally composed features, worsening when palms cupped her cheeks and neither felt that surge of certainty, no light stirring awake to meet the call of his darkness. quartz gray eyes met hers —— confused and terrified. "you were meant to be like me. you were meant . . . *you're nothing now.*" with those words slipping out of his lips, everything came crashing to him all at once, striking him deeply and leaving a wound that would never heal in all of eternity.

he had her. that one glimmer of hope in his life, that his time spent alone in immortality had finally come to an end. but no, he's still alone, he had always been alone, and he always would be.

such thoughts brought emptiness to enter his eyes, the yawning void kept beneath his ribs stretching wider, an infinite wasteland. such as quickly as it came, such as quickly had it been replaced by pure rage, he cried out, calling for his darkness —— his one true companion that would never leave, with arms spread wide. the nichevo'ya scattered like a flock of birds flushed from a hedge and turned on to both soldat sol and oprichniki alike, cutting them down, snuffing out the beams of light that blazed from their bodies.

there was no bottom to his pain.

it was a never—ending fall that he would never be able to escape from. she asked for his mercy once and this? **this is mercy.** this is mercy to the grisha, to ravka, to her ; this is mercy compared to what awaits him once this was all over. an eternity of solitude, all because he failed to keep her by his side, all because he kept his heart too deep in his sleeve, all because of him.

platinum locks atop dark blue kefta (*almost black, almost black, almost black —— she did look good in his colours once*) embroidered with golden suns became a blur in his peripheral ; presence only noticed at the deep—searing pain that bloomed right in the middle of his chest. a soft sound, little more than an exhalation, before he looked downwards and saw the hilt of a knife —— *grisha steel*, his mind supplied. oddly enough, he felt lighter now that he had a blade straight into his chest —— aleksander looked at alina, she's too far from him and he needs to get closer ; he took a step, tottered slightly before managing to right himself, peals of laughter escaping his lips alongside a fine spray of blood that settled over his chin.

"is this your mercy? is this your forgiveness? *you don't forgive like a saint, my alina. you forgive like a god,*" a pause, another blood—splattered cough. "**cruel, vengeful, beautiful.**"

it's simple enough, like calls to like.

the likeness had finally called to him from the depths of the death's domain and now he's answering.

legs began to falter, he tried to stop his descent but it was inevitable in the way his arm gave out, leading him to fall with his back on the ground and his eyes trained to the sky. "blue sky," he whispered. and there it was, a pale glimmer of such colour near enough to break through the black mist of the fold. distantly, he could hear the wings of the volcra sweeping through the air in an attempt to hide from the light. they are his just as much as he is theirs but not in this way, *he won't hide from the light anymore ; he won't hide from her anymore.*

"alina." he repeated. he watched her kneel on his side, which lead to his fingers reaching to curl around hers —— cold to warm, dark to light, aleksander to alina, dead to alive. it was a small consolation for the dying man, one last indulgence, and yet when her eyes begun to fill with fresh tears, one by one trickling down her cheeks, he longed to wipe them all away. this wasn't the first time he made her cry, it probably won't be the last either, but it still managed to make him **ache**. knuckles reached to brush over the wetness upon cheeks, the smallest of smiles touching his bloodstained lips at how she leaned into his touch ; closer and closer, like ships crashing upon the waves at night, like how the surface of the sea kisses the setting and rising sun before letting go. "my alina. someone to mourn me."

every part of his body began to tire —— *he's dying* . hand fell from her cheek but the one with her fingers in his grasp did not even loosen its grip in the slightest, instead it gave a squeeze. "no grave," he gasped, tears of his own beginning to pool in the corners of his eyes, "for them to desecrate."

"all right," her tears came harder, he longed to wipe them all away but he cannot ; *for there will be nothing left.* a shudder raked through his frame, eyelids becoming heavy. "once more," he said. "speak my name once more." *he begged.*

he was ancient, they both knew that now. but in this moment, he was just a boy —— brilliant, blessed with too much power, burdened by eternity.

"aleksander." the name of a boy, given up. almost forgotten.

a deep breath, his last one as eyes finally fluttered shut. "don't let me be alone," he murmured.

and then he was gone.

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